As the poore frighted Deare that ſtands at gaze,
VVildly determining which way to flie,
Or one incompaſt with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readilie:
So with her ſelfe is ſhee in mutinie,
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
VVhen life is ſham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my ſelfe, quoth ſhee, alacke what were it,
But with my body my poore ſoules polluſion?
They that looſe halfe with greater patience beare it,
Then they whoſe whole is ſwallowed in confuſion.
That mother tries a mercileſſe concluſion,
VVho hauing two ſweet babes, when death takes one,
VVill ſlay the other, and be nurſe to none.

My bodie or my ſoule which was the dearer?
VVhen the one pure, the other made deuine,
VVhoſe loue of eyther to my ſelfe was nearer?
VVhen both were kept for Heauen and COLATINE:
Ay me, the Barke pild from the loftie Pine,
His leaues will wither, and his ſap decay,
So muſt my ſoule her barke being pild away.

Her

Her houſe is ſackt, her quiet interrupte
Her manſion batterd by the enemie,
Her ſacred temple ſpotted, ſpoild, cor
Groſlie ingirt with daring infamie.
Then let it not be cald impietie,
If in this blemiſht fort I make ſome h
Through which I may conuay this t

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE
Haue heard the cauſe of my vntimelie
That he may vow in that ſad houre of r
Reuenge on him that made me ſtop m
My ſtained bloud to TARQVIN ile b
VVhich for him tainted, ſhall for hi
And as his due writ in my teſtament

My Honor ile bequeath vnto the knife
That wounds my bodie ſo diſhonored
Tis Honor to depriue diſhonord life,
The one will liue, the other being dea
So of ſhames aſhes ſhall my Fame be b
For in my death I murther ſhameful
My ſhame ſo dead, mine honor is n